

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 262. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1849.

PRICE 1½d.

AN ENGLISH WORKMAN'S RECOLLECTIONS OF PARIS IN 1848.

At the close of the year 1847, want of employment, coupled with the information that the particular branch of my trade in which I was mostly employed was unknown in Paris, induced me to leave my wife and four little ones in our native village near the western suburbs of London, and set out for the French metropolis. My voyage, which was a stormy one, was marked by nothing of importance besides my forming an acquaintance with a young sailor named George Barges, who, being of French extraction on the father's side, had friends in Paris whom he was now to visit after a separation of eighteen years. My conversation with this young man in the vessel and in our Boulogne hotel led me to feel a deep interest in him; and finding that his finances were low, I offered him the loan of a sovereign, which with some difficulty he accepted. We arrived in Paris together at six o'clock on New-Year's morning, and drove to the residence of my companion's brother, in an upper floor of a large house in the Rue de la Harpe. I was kindly received by the family, consisting of James Barges, a young *ouvrier*, of handsome figure, but a strong dash of melancholy in his countenance; and his wife, a delicate-looking person, who, like himself, spoke good English. It being a fête day, James dressed himself in his best clothes, and conducted us to some of the gayest scenes in Paris, as the garden of the Luxembourg, and the Champs Elysées, with all of which I was of course much pleased.

We returned in the evening to dinner, when I found a party assembled for the purpose of merrymaking. My host introduced me to M. Vachette, his brother-in-law, whose wife, I gladly found, could likewise converse in the English tongue. It was afterwards explained to me that the two sisters were the daughters of a deceased gentleman; and that, after vainly endeavouring to support themselves by tuition, they had been fain to avail themselves of offers of marriage from a couple of honest workmen. These men, however, found that elegant accomplishments, such as music, painting, and language, but badly compensate for the more homely ones of cooking and cleaning.

The evening passed very cheerfully away, and the kind-hearted James insisted upon my spending a few days with him, while a lodging was prepared for me at his brother-in-law's, M. Vachette, who resided in the Battignolles. In the course of a few days I removed to my lodgings, and then set out, in company with George, in quest of what had brought me to Paris—employment. The first few days we met with no success, it being difficult to convince the French dyers that the English way of finishing was superior to their own. At length, when I had almost despaired of ob-

taining any employment in Paris, and was seriously meditating my return to England, we fortunately entered the shop of Messrs Jolly and Blanc, in the Rue St Martin.

Finding one of the partners within, I exhibited my book of patterns, which seemed to take his eye very much. He asked me a few questions, and then gave me something to do, by way of obtaining a specimen of my work. I returned with it the next day, and was at once engaged at 30 francs [about 24s.] per week, with promises of an advance being made as work became more plentiful. The next day I entered into my new occupation, and found myself an object of no small curiosity to my fellow-workmen, and no small diversion to a bevy of young girls and workwomen at work in an adjoining room; but all were courteous and obliging, and I never was subjected to those cruel mockeries and insults to which we too frequently subject the unfortunate foreigner whom chance may throw among us.

In the establishment of Messrs Jolly and Blanc there were employed nearly sixty individuals, the greater number being females, as, from the low wages given in Paris, it would be impossible to maintain a family without the joint labour of both man and wife, who therefore know but few of the comforts of domestic life as compared with us in England. The meal times in this establishment strangely varied with those in England. We commenced work at six in the morning, and went to breakfast at eleven. At the expiration of one hour, labour was resumed until seven in the evening, at which hour work for the day was done, and we all went to dinner, and for my own part with a very good appetite. I am not disposed to set this system up as an example, as I am convinced, from experience, that nature requires recruiting more than twice a day, when a person's occupation is at all laborious. I am disposed to come to the conclusion, that the employer loses in the end when wages are not sufficient to procure the necessary food to keep up a man's stamina. I am sure, from actual observation, that ten Englishmen would perform the work of fifteen Frenchmen in the same space of time. Doubtless the reader may think me rather prejudiced; but I am ready to admit, at the same time, that my countrymen, with the same quantity and description of food, would perform even less work than the Frenchmen.

It was my custom to take my *déjeuner*, or eleven o'clock breakfast, at a *cuisine bourgeois* in the Rue Royal, close by the Rue St Martin, where I had ample opportunity of making observations on the mode of living usually adopted by the Parisian workpeople, as the house was much frequented by that class, being the cheapest in the quarter. The *déjeuner* usually consisted of a basin of very poor soup, with a spoonful of any vegetable that you might choose to have put into it,

doubtless to impart a richness to the appearance, if it did not add much to the flavour. For this dish the charge is two sous: after which it is usual to have some very doubtful beef, with a few more vegetables, the charge being four sous; and then, indeed, if money is plentiful, you may indulge in a glass of wine, or some dried fruit, cooked or not, according to taste, for two sous more. It is worth remarking that all the wine and spirituous liquors are very cheap in Paris; the chief drink of the poorer classes is water to both breakfast and dinner, some few mixing with it a little wine. The dinner consists of nearly the same, with little variety, unless you choose roast meat instead of boiled. At both meals it is customary to eat a large quantity of bread.

The Parisian workmen take much more pride in their appearance than the English. It has been the subject of notice with many that few untidy or ragged persons are to be met with in the streets; and I observed that most of my fellow-workmen kept a working suit at the factory, which they changed night and morning.

I soon became accustomed to manners and habits which had been at first rather strange to me. I found my master very kind and affable with all his work-people, treating them more as his equals than his dependents; and I think in return he enjoyed the respect and esteem of all who had the happiness to serve under him. The whole of the people in his establishment seemed to live on the best of terms with each other, and all were kind and obliging to me. The laughter of light hearts, and the merry song, sounded loud and often through the factory.

The first few weeks passed pleasantly enough. Monsieur and Madame Vachette did all that lay in their power to render my situation at their home comfortable; and from the kindness of Madame Vachette, who had once been a teacher of the English language, I soon made considerable progress in my French studies. My evenings were chiefly spent in company with my friend George, at the lodgings of his brother, who always received me with the greatest of hospitality—sometimes, I was even fearful, with more than their limited means justified. The frost at this time was very intense, the Seine being in some places completely blocked up with ice. Towards the middle of February the weather became mild and genial. Trade, which had received some check from the frost, began to revive. I found full employment for both time and money, as it was necessary that part of my wages should go towards the support of my little ones at home.

It was about this time that I first heard of the proposed banquet, the forbidding of which ultimately cost Louis Philippe his throne, and led to much bloodshed and disorder. On the ever-memorable morning of Tuesday the 22d of February, I was proceeding as usual to my employment, when on reaching the Boulevards, I found groups of workmen and others reading the official proclamation prohibiting the meeting. The crowds seemed very much excited, and gave vent to their feelings in loud and angry exclamations. At the guard-house, instead of the one solitary sentinel, the whole front was occupied by the military, all armed and ready to act at a moment's warning. On reaching my place of work, I found those who had arrived before me clustered in groups, discussing the probable events of the day.

Nothing of any note attracted my attention during the morning, beyond vague and contradictory reports of conflicts between the troops and the people. At eleven, I went as usual to breakfast, when I was somewhat startled by observing a large tumultuous assemblage enter Rue St Martin from the Boulevards. The foremost, who was an *ouvrier en blouse*, bore a piece of red cloth on a staff, as a substitute for the terrible *drapeau rouge*, and for the first time I heard the French *vive*—'Vive la Réforme!' The progress of this mob, although unmarked by any species of wanton outrage that I could observe, spread consternation and alarm through all the neighbourhood. I was somewhat amused

by observing a perfumer who lived nearly opposite removing, with all possible despatch, the royal arms from the front of his shop.

On returning to my work, I found the shop closed, and all the workpeople departed, as now indeed were all the shops in the street. On reaching the Boulevards, I found everywhere immense assemblages of people, and great excitement. The shops were closed the whole length of the Boulevards, from the Porte St Martin to the Madeleine, and thousands of heads protruded from the windows, all very evidently expecting a something to confirm or ease their apprehension. I proceeded down Rue Royal to the Place de Concorde. Here I found a strong military force of horse and foot. I next visited the Rue St Honoré. Here things were a more serious aspect. Some omnibuses and cabriolets had been overturned in several places, the stones had been removed, and an attempt made to form a barricade.

A troop of dragoons were employed to keep the mob from assembling together. They used the flat of their swords, with no very great delicacy of touch, on all who chose to disobey their commands. Much ill-feeling here exhibited itself between the soldiery and the people. The noise of drums now struck my ear: it was the *rappel* beating for the Garde Nationale, strongly guarded both in front and rear. A number of young men and boys followed, singing the 'Marseillaise' and 'Mourir pour la Patrie.' Finding the angry feeling far from subsiding, I deemed it most prudent to return homewards; so made the best of my way to the Battig-nolles.

The next morning I found but few shops open. The guardhouses along the line of the Boulevards, and especially by Portes St Martin and St Denis, were occupied by strong detachments of troops. On reaching my workshop, I found but few of the hands assembled for work. The shop, however, was opened, and I began my daily occupation. It was between nine and ten in the morning that my attention was attracted by a strange hubbub and confusion in the courtyard, immediately under my window. Several persons rushed in from the street, evidently in a state of great terror and alarm. The porter of the house immediately closed the outer gates of the courtyard. Doors were opened and slammed with great violence; the sound of many footsteps hurrying to and fro, the quick shutting of windows, and the hum and confusion of many voices, produced a strange din.

Presently a young girl, who was usually occupied in the front shop, entered my room, and with hurried accents begged that I would assist in shutting up the shop, as most of the men were absent. On descending into the street for that purpose, I found the people running in all directions, pursued by a troop of mounted municipal guards, who laid about them with their swords without mercy. I had scarcely closed the last shutter when the municipals reached the spot opposite our shop, and I was glad to make a hasty retreat. When the shop was secure, I went to work again, the noise still increasing: drums beating, men shouting, women screaming, with crashing of timber, and breaking of glass. But presently I heard the sharp crack of carbines, with louder cries and screams, mingled with yells of defiance and savage imprecations. Gradually the noise became fainter, and soon all was pretty quiet.

Finding all my fellow-workmen were gone, I was reluctant to continue alone; and my curiosity being somewhat excited by the occurrences of the morning, I struck work, and descended into the street, which I found now completely deserted, except by the military; strong detachments of which held it at both ends. They allowed me to pass through them into Rue Royal, where I found the mob had constructed a barricade, which the soldiers were now busily employed in destroying. A vast crowd occupied this street, and all the streets adjoining. Many of them were armed with such weapons as most readily came to hand—as thick bludgeons, pitchforks, hatchets, and sledge-hammers.

Bars of iron wrenched from railings were general; but I observed several with muskets and pistols.

A few paces farther on I saw a crowd surrounding some object on the ground, and singing the eternal 'Mourir pour la Patrie.' On looking through the throng, a melancholy spectacle presented itself: extended on its back lay the corpse of a young man covered with mud and gore.

The people seemed very much excited, and I momentarily expected to see a renewal of hostilities. The turmoil, however, had not taken away my appetite; and I knew, from certain inward signs, that the breakfast-hour was either at hand or past. So, after some hard knocking, I induced Monsieur Macqurie, mine host, to open his door, and prevailed on him to allow me to breakfast. On attempting to return up the Rue St Martin, I was repulsed by point of bayonet, so I passed through a short passage which connects it with the Rue St Denis. This I found also occupied by troops. I gained the Boulevards by another route. On arriving at the guardhouse of the Boulevard des Bonnes Nouvelles, I saw a mob advancing with drums beating in front and flags flying.

There was a strong body of the municipal guards at this spot, with a regiment of the line. The soldiers formed right across the Boulevard, and seemed determined to resist the approaching multitude, who, by their glittering bayonets, appeared well armed. The head of the column halted; a short consultation was held, and then the column wheeled off, crying 'Vive la Réforme,' and singing the never-dying 'Mourir pour la Patrie.'

I had promised on the Sunday evening previous to visit my friend George at the apartments of his brother, M. Bargues, in the Rue de la Harpe; and as I had a wish to know how matters stood in that quarter, I determined to keep my appointment. Accordingly I proceeded thither by the way of the Rue Poissonniere, crossing the Seine at the Pont Neuf. I observed a sharp fusillade going on at Pont au Change, the next bridge, while troops were crowding to that point from every direction. The firing soon ceased, and the people gave way. At this moment a fresh body of military, who, by their appearance, had just entered Paris from some distance, passed along the quais. They consisted of lancers, dragoons, and horse artillery, with riflemen, and several regiments of the line. Both men and horses seemed dreadfully fatigued, being covered with mud, looking wet and miserable.

All the bridges and quais were swarming with troops—light horse, dragoons, and cuirassiers—who were incessantly employed in dispersing the numerous groups, who took every opportunity of assembling together, and venting their displeasure in loud outcries against the ministry, mingled with 'Vive la Ligne!'—'Vive la Réforme!'—'A bas Guizot!'

On reaching the apartments of M. Bargues, in the Rue de la Harpe, I found my landlady, Madame Vachette, there, in great anxiety respecting her husband, from whose well-known republican principles she dreaded some harm would befall him.

James, who was a thorough Communist, spoke in raptures of the approaching struggle, but lamented the blood that must necessarily be spilt before France could break the chains that bound her liberties. Like the best part of those misguided men, he thought the wild theories of Socialism and Communism capable of affording lasting happiness and prosperity to all the human family, and worthy of any sacrifice for their promotion; although I am sure no one possessed a better heart, nor more of the milk of human kindness, than James Bargues; showing how fearfully a false philosophy may distort the best of natures.

His brother George not being within, I offered my protection to Madame Vachette in our way to the Battignolles, as we should have to pass through the thickest of the tumult; the Battignolles being about four miles distant from the Rue de la Harpe. On reach-

ing the Quai de l'Ecole, an officer, dressed in a general's uniform, mounted on a superb horse, halted before a crowd who had assembled there; taking off his hat, he bowed to the populace, and then cried in a loud voice, 'The ministers are changed!' This was received with acclamations, and seemed to give universal satisfaction; at least so far as my own observations went.

On reaching my home in Rue de l'Eluse in the Battignolles, everybody seemed anxious for information respecting things in Paris; and all now fondly hoped, as the Guizot ministry were fallen, that the disorders would quiet down.

After dinner, it being rather late, for we had waited the coming of M. Vachette, I was engaged in writing a letter to my friends, when George entered and informed us that the people were storming and destroying the Barrier Clichy, an office in the wall of Paris, where the octroi, or duties on provisions, are collected on their passing into Paris. I ran down into the street, when I heard tremendous firing in the direction of the Boulevard des Capucines. Three distinct volleys followed each other in rapid succession. The people in the streets stood still amazed. All inquired, but none could tell the cause that led to the firing. I ran through Barrier Clichy, which I found in the possession of the people, and then down Rue d'Amsterdam towards the Madeleine, and on reaching the Boulevard des Capucines, I found all in uproar and confusion; people were hurrying to and fro uttering cries of vengeance. The soldiers had fired on the mob before the Hotel of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and great numbers were killed and wounded. Two men were carrying the body of a female in their arms; her long hair hung down wet with blood; some others placed the dead in a cart, following it with torches and iron bars, which they had torn up in their fury. They formed a sort of procession, their numbers augmenting every moment. A wild frenzy seemed to animate them. As they proceeded onward, numbers sung, in a low mournful strain, 'Mourir pour la Patrie'; but soon the song of death was chanted to a wild cry for vengeance, 'Mort à Guizot!' 'Vive la République!'

Leaving this column to pursue their mournful march, I returned to the Barrier Clichy by the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin, and in the Rue Clichy every lamp was broken and extinguished; all the shops closed; and it presented a singular contrast, by its loneliness, to the scene that was now going on in the Boulevard. I had just reached the Barrier. A mob, composed chiefly of young men and boys, armed with clubs and axes, came through: they halted opposite a gunsmith's named Rozvy, in the Rue Clichy: in a few minutes the door and shutters were dashed in, and all the arms plundered. They were engaged in distributing the guns, swords, &c. among themselves, when the sound of horses' feet at a sharp trot came from outside the Barrier, and I could distinguish through the gloom the form of an officer, followed by two dragoons, galloping down the street. Crack—bang—bang went several guns at their heads; with what effect I did not observe, as the night was very dark. The sound of a bullet whistling through the air at no great distance from my head made me think it most prudent to beat a retreat; so I returned to my lodgings, where I found my landlord had arrived before me, and thus allaying his wife's fears for his safety.

I retired to bed, and, strange to say, slept soundly. I awoke about my usual time, dressed, and descended into the streets, more with the intention of gratifying my curiosity than the idea of being able to get to my work.

At the Barrier I found a regiment of the line on guard: I passed through them to the Rue Boulogne, when I beheld two men beating the *rappel* on their drums, followed by about twenty others *en blouse*, with guns. As I proceeded farther into Paris, I heard drums beating in all directions, bells tolling, and the sound of the pickaxe and crowbar. At the church of our Lady

de Lorrette, the people were dragging down the iron railing in front, and removing the stones in the street.

Proceeding onwards, I saw barricades forming about every hundred yards right and left of me. A captain of the National Guards endeavoured to persuade them to desist; but they refused. The *rappel* was beating in all quarters: everywhere National Guards, singly or in parties, were hastening to their places of rendezvous, clambering on the best way they could, for march they could not, the road was now so dreadfully cut up. I would beg my reader to imagine Cheapside in London strewn with broken glass, bottles, pots, and iron railings, diligences, omnibuses, carts, wagons, wheelbarrows, and watering-carts, planks and scaffold-poles, with ladders, barrels, buckets, and articles of household furniture, in fact everything a mob can lay their hands on; and they then may form some notion of the scene which all the principal thoroughfares in Paris presented on that day.

On reaching the bottom of the Rue du Faubourg Montmartre, I was stopped by the people, who were constructing a very strong barricade, and desired to assist. This I had no particular wish to do, as I knew not how long before it might be the scene of a sanguinary struggle. The method pursued in constructing these street defences was nearly in all cases the same. Where any street vehicles could readily be obtained, they were used in preference to other materials; but as these things were now nearly used up, the mob had no resource but that of paving-stones.

A band of labourers formed line across the street, with crowbars, pickaxes, or bars of iron, with which they loosened the stones. These were rapidly taken up by another line, who passed them on to a third, and so on to the barricade. By these means a barricade was formed in an incredibly short space of time. My station being nearest to the barricade—for they had selected me, on account of my being taller than most of them, to place the stones on the top—I took the opportunity of passing over to the other side, and finally gave them the slip.

On reaching the Boulevards, I found all the fine trees cut down, and placed across the road. Everywhere were traces of the destructive activity of the preceding night. Advancing towards Porte St Denis, I passed a very large body of troops. Dragoons dismounted, standing by their horses; troops of the line, with their scarlet trousers covered with mud; riflemen in their dark-green uniforms; and artillery standing by their guns. With the exception of the military, I was alone on the Boulevard, and the sound of my own footsteps sounded painfully on my ear; for the silence of death reigned amidst thousands, all standing still and motionless as statues. A long line of watch-fires were smouldering, round which they had evidently bivouacked; and the men looked pale and spiritless with excessive fatigue. At the farther extremity of this body of soldiery were placed several pieces of cannon, pointed towards Porte St Denis. My heart sunk within me, and tears started in my eyes, as I thought how soon they might be used in the destruction of my fellow-creatures. I never shall forget the sensations those murderous engines of war occasioned within me.

After passing these troops, and arriving at Porte St Denis, I found an enormous barricade. I climbed over, and was made prisoner in an instant. Again I was set to work, as they were forming four massive barricades at this point—one across Rue St Denis, one in the Faubourg, and the two others across the Boulevard. My condition at this moment was not to be envied: surrounded by savage-looking men, armed to the teeth, in the midst of four stone walls; while opposite the one on which I was employed several pieces of cannon were planted. Their murderous-looking muzzles, crammed with grape, ready in a moment to pour destruction on all opposed to them, made me feel anything but comfortable.

At this work I was kept, as high as I can guess, about four hours, lifting great stones above my head. At length I sank down upon a heap of stones, perfectly overpowered by fatigue, although my fellow-labourers worked on with undiminished zeal. Perhaps I did not enter into the spirit of the thing so much as they did, for I never shall forget the activity displayed by all classes. The man of evident wealth, in morning-gown and slippers, worked side by side with the labourer in blouse and sabots. All seemed actuated by the same indomitable zeal, and perfect order and good-will seemed to exist among them.

A respectably-attired individual came up to me and inquired in a compassionate tone if I was not fatigued. I showed him my hands, torn and bleeding, my heated brow dripping with perspiration, and my soiled and muddy dress. He entered a wine-shop, and gave me a bottle of wine and a small loaf, which I very thankfully received, and quickly devoured.

Presently I heard a great beating of drums, and on looking over the barricade, saw a body of military approaching from the Faubourg, their glittering bayonets extending as far up the Faubourg as I could well see.

The barricades were manned in a moment, and my heart beat furiously within my bosom. I thought of England, of home, my pretty cottage, my wife and four little ones. I cast a despairing look around, but no chance of escape this time. Still the drums advanced, beating thunders, and then the troops halted; the noise of the drums ceased, and then came a moment of intense excitement. A parley took place between the troops and the people. One orator spoke at great length, and evidently very much to the purpose, although I could not understand half of what he said; but it ended by the soldiers giving up their arms to the people. This was scarcely finished, when another body of National Guards came up. A National Guard, who was with the people, stood on a broken pillar, and waved his hat on the point of his bayonet. The men came rushing over the barricade, and boldly fraternised with the people.

The mob, now mingled with the National Guards, formed line on the Boulevard between Porte St Denis and Porte St Martin. Nearly all now had muskets, although many were armed with every species of weapon. Some had evidently furnished themselves from the theatres and old curiosity shops; some were armed cap-a-pie, like the knights of old; some with Indian war clubs and tomahawks. Among other things, I recognised a very large sword which I remembered seeing exposed for sale as the sword of the executioner of Paris.

A cry now burst from many lips of 'Aux Tuileries! Aux Tuileries!' They formed column, with drums at their head, and began a scrambling march over the numerous barricades down Rue St Denis.

I had read, when a boy, of the awful and sanguinary struggle attending the taking of that abode of royalty; and so, suffering my curiosity to get the better of prudent fears, I followed the throng, who advanced beating their drums, and roaring in chorus the 'Marseillaise,' particularly the words, 'Aux armes, citoyens!' varying it, however, with the eternal 'Mourir pour la Patrie.'

They took the direction of the Tuileries, by the way of Rue Thevenot, crossing Rue Petite Carreau, to the Place des Victoires. At this place they halted, in order to induce a body of National Guards assembled there to join them.

There was here a general inspection of the revolutionary irregulars. Those who had no ammunition were supplied by those who had: a captain of the National Guard took the command; the revolutionary forces formed line, and marched and countermarched round the place. They were now a formidable-looking body—truly picturesque in their blouses and caps—their beards and savage-looking moustaches adding much to the effect, with their now half-military costume, for several wore dragoons' helmets, or the steel cap of days long past. The masquerade rooms had

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evidently supplied much to the adornment of many of this motley assembly.

Now again thundered the drums, and again a thousand voices roared the 'Marseillaise,' commencing with 'Allons enfants de la patrie;' but many preferred beginning with the finish, and shouting at the top of their voices 'Aux armes, citoyens!' and by way of variety, gave a few lines of the 'Chor des Girondistes'—

'Mourir pour la patrie,
C'est le sort le plus beau, le plus digne d'envie!'

for they seldom got over those lines.

'Aux armes! Aux armes! Aux Tuileries!' shouted a thousand voices; and so to the Tuileries they went, and I followed.

On reaching the back of the Palais Royal, a short street separated me from the main body of the insurgents, when suddenly I heard the discharge of a single gun, and then another, and another. This was succeeded by a dead silence; and the few persons who were in the street stopped short, and turned pale, as I daresay I did myself. This lull of a few short moments was succeeded by a deafening roar, produced by the discharge of some hundreds of muskets, with a proximity so close, that the smoke whirled in white wreaths over my head. At this moment a youth, who could not screw his courage to the shooting point, proffered me his gun. I politely declined the offer. Then succeeded an irregular firing, which gradually increased in strength every moment. Then another, and another heavy discharge, fully convinced me that the people were engaged in regular battle with the military.

Gradually the excitement overcame my fears, and my pulse, though quick, beat more regularly. Wishing to obtain a view of the action, I passed into the Rue de Valois, formed on one side by the Palais Royal. At the end of this street the people were firing over a barricade, at what or whom, the volumes of smoke prevented me seeing. One party, with sledge-hammers and crowbars, were busily engaged in forcing the iron gates of the Palais Royal, while others amused themselves by breaking the plate-glass windows with stones and oyster-shells. The lower windows, which were defended by strong iron bars, were battered in, bars, stonework, and all, and the mob entered. This part of the building, I imagined, must have been used as a store, from the immense quantity of wearing apparel that was thrown out and burned in the street. From one window was thrown an immense quantity of bedding, which was likewise heaped on the flames, until the heat became insupportable, and the smoke all but blinding. Some, indeed, set fire to the building itself, which others extinguished, much, however, to their own personal risk.

As the fighting continued, I lost all sense of danger, and soon found myself close to the barricade which ran across the Rue de Valois, from the Palais Royal to a wine-shop opposite.

On looking across the square in which stands the façade of the Palais Royal, I found that the firing on the part of the military proceeded from a guardhouse called the Château d'Eau. On a terrace that ran across the front of this building were stationed three ranks of municipal guards, while immediately below them stood a body of the troops of the line, the whole joining in keeping up a constant fire.

The scene at this moment was one of great excitement. The flash! flash! of the musketry through the white smoke from the terrace and every window of the guardhouse, the beating of drums, waving of flags, and brandishing of swords and pikes, all conspired to deaden the sense of danger, although the sound of the balls striking the barricade, or whistling over my head, bade me remember that I was witnessing a real battle.

As yet I had seen no one hit on our side of the barricade; but suddenly a young man who stood rather above me on the barricade fell backwards among the stones and rubbish at my feet. His teeth were firmly

fixed in his under lip, and his eyes distorted by a fearful squint. In a moment the blood came bubbling through a small purple spot in his forehead, and his features were soon covered with the sanguine dye. His white shirt was also soaked with blood, which ran in a puddle among the broken stones. He was soon picked up and carried away, and I could not refrain my tears at the sight.

In a few moments another fell, shot through the shoulder. His gun fell from his hands: and then what possessed me I do not know, for my excitement was more than can be well imagined, but I had taken the gun of the wounded man before I had given myself a moment's time to consider, and immediately bang went my piece over the barricade! A Garde Nationale supplied me with some cartridges, and from that moment I took my place among the defenders of the barricade.

Although I could never boast of a great share of courage, yet at this moment all thoughts of danger, of home, wife, children, were all forgotten in the fierce delight of battle. It was like skating on very doubtful ice: we all know it is dangerous, but yet all think they will escape the drowning.

The battle began about twelve o'clock, and it was now nearly one. The people had now possession of the Palais Royal, and the houses on the other corner of the street, from which they fired on the troops below.

Some fought very bravely, standing on the top of the barricade, loading now, firing then. Others, almost on their hands and knees when under the barricade, would rise up and fire, retiring to load. Some indeed stood at the corner of a street some distance up, and fired off their pieces there, which greatly added to the danger of those who held the barricade.

Every time the soldiers fired very heavily, a panic would seize some of the combatants, and these would make off, to take up a safer position high up the street. A little man, who was armed only with a sword, behaved very bravely. He rallied the faint-hearted, stamped and swore, and, followed by a few as desperate as himself, leaped over the barricade. They were received with a deadly discharge, and many a poor fellow rolled over in the mud. The few who were left standing came rushing over the barricade. A panic seized the rest, and some ran out of the street altogether.

But although foiled in their first attempt, again they rushed over the barricade, again to meet with the same repulse, and many with their deaths. It was now indeed a hideous scene. The dying and the dead lay heaped together in pools of blood. Their shrieks and groans rose into the air, mixed with the frantic yells and horrid imprecations of the mob; the muskets kept up a deafening roar, and their red flashes streamed incessantly through the stifling sulphurous smoke. The faces of the combatants were distorted with rage, and many fought on, mangled and bleeding, till they could no longer stand to load and fire.

About this time an officer, whom I afterwards learned to be General Lamoricière, rode into the square: both horse and rider rolled instantly into the mud. The general rose wounded, I believe, and made his escape.

A captain of the Garde Nationale, the same I think who first led the insurgents, now stood on the barricade waving his sword, and inciting the mob to charge. He was shot through the body, and fell on the other side. But the mob rushed from three barricades at the same time, two being across Rue St Honoré, and engaged in deadly combat, hand in hand, with the soldiers. A deadly discharge came from every window of the post, while louder yells, and cries of agony and rage, mixed in wild and savage din with the unceasing roar of the guns.

As I did not choose to pass over the barricade myself, I could not well distinguish what was doing at this moment, from the mingled forms of the combatants, and the blinding smoke from a quantity of straw, which, plundered from the royal stable, was on fire in front of the guardhouse. Several men passed me with trusses

of straw, and one carrying a large copper vessel filled with oil. At once the dreadful truth flashed across my mind: those human fiends intended to burn the wretched soldiers with their guardhouse. To aid this human sacrifice, the royal carriages were dragged out, and one after the other fired, until at last seventeen gilded carriages stood burning in the square, with an insufferable stench, in one costly conflagration.

The noise of the firing, which had for two hours continued without intermission, now became fainter. I passed over the barricade, and was horror-struck on perceiving the flames rushing from every window of the Château d'Eau, and mounting high above the roof. A few scared and desperate wretches rushed out on the terrace shrieking, and were shot one by one as they appeared; the rest remained inside, and were all burned to death. Of the whole troop, as I afterwards learned, not one escaped.

Heart-sick at this frightful butchery, I made my way over dead and wounded, burning fragments of carriages, and blackened stinking heaps of half-burned straw, through a short street that led to the Place Carrouzel, in which stands the Château of the Tuileries.

The chief portion of the combatants who had been engaged in the destruction of the Palais Royal and the Château d'Eau had again formed into column. Here I naturally expected a repetition of the scene I had just quitted. I threw myself into their ranks. I now had a musket and bayonet, besides a naked sword thrust through my belt, which I had found by the side of an officer of the Garde Municipale, in the Place du Palais Royal. A ferocious-looking ruffian was mounted on a dragoon's horse, which he fastened to one of the royal carriages, and drew it blazing, body and wheels, in front of our column.

Onwards we marched; still no sign of resistance. With drums beating in front, we passed through the triumphal arch that ornamented the chief entrance of the Tuileries. There was still some firing going on, but nothing to wince at. Onward we still marched, crossing the courtyard in front of the château, and entering by the principal gate.

Here was a scene which, though difficult to describe, will never be obliterated from my memory. It was a most splendid palace, glittering in crimson and gold; beautiful mirrors and paintings adorned the walls, and magnificent chandeliers hung from the richly-sculptured and gilded roofs. Marble statues and busts of celebrated generals stood in one magnificent saloon. Rich crimson hangings, fringed deeply with gold, were festooned from the lofty windows, which reached from the roof to the floor, opening to a magnificent terrace overlooking the garden. I ran from room to room, admiring all that in the lapse of centuries art could produce or unbounded wealth purchase.

I found myself at one time in the royal chapel, as yet uninvaded by the lawless rabble that were quickly spreading themselves all over the château. A feeling of reverential awe came over me as I walked up towards the high altar, where stood a large crucifix, seemingly of solid gold. Large wax candles, in massive candlesticks, stood by the altar. This scene of religious solitude contrasted strangely with the work of death and destruction I had so recently quitted, and the noise and turmoil resounding through the building.

After leaving the chapel, I hurried through many splendid saloons and spacious halls, until I entered the throne room. Here the work of destruction had commenced. The throne was torn from under its canopy, and borne away in frantic triumph by the mob. I tore a piece of the gold lace from the gorgeous crimson hanging, to preserve as a memento of the struggle.

And then began the plunder. Beautiful gilt panels were dashed in; desks, boxes, and bureaux were broken open, and their contents scattered over the floor; and soon the palace was one scene of rapine and destruction. Myself and a few others got into what I took to be the housekeeper's room. A fire was still burning on the

hearth, a white cloth spread on the table, and every preparation for the morning repast. I took a loaf as my share of the eatables, for which a fellow offered me a bottle of brandy. I divided the loaf with him, and drank rather too freely of the brandy. Stimulated by the drink, I began to plunder with the rest, filling and emptying my pockets a dozen times, as I found things of more value.

Among other things, I found a large packet of various commissions, ready signed and sealed with the royal arms. How many months, and perhaps even years, had some waited for those very commissions which I now tossed into the courtyard as useless lumber! Hanging in a wardrobe I found a large and handsome cloak, and as I had no pocket in which to place my ill-gotten treasure, I enveloped myself in its capacious folds, and sitting down on a sofa covered with rich crimson velvet, with my gun on my arm, and my sword by my side, quite enjoyed the fine prospect of the garden below.

Remembering that in 1830 the Tuileries were retaken by the troops, I thought it most prudent to decamp while I yet possessed the liberty. Descending the grand staircase for that purpose, I came opposite a large mirror, and never shall I forget my own disgusting appearance—my face flushed with excitement and drink, begrimed with dirt and smoke, and my lips black with powder, while my eyes looked wild, bloodshot, and unearthly.

On leaving the Tuileries, I was suddenly seized from behind, and a man in a stentorian voice demanded where I had procured my cloak. Having no wish to dispute the possession, I unfastened the chain, and threw it at his feet, and then mingling with the mob, made my exit.

On revisiting the Palais Royal, I found the work of destruction still going on. Three large fires blazed in the courtyard, consuming silk and velvet hangings, gilded sofas, couches, arm-chairs, and massive pictures. Hundreds now staggered about in every stage of intoxication, while a plentiful supply to continue their Bacchanalian revels was momentarily obtained from the cellars. Passing through the court of the Palais Royal, I saw a large arcade, usually filled by the fashionable and gay, now converted into an hospital. Two long lines of those very beds that I had seen thrown out of the windows now supported the wounded, whose moans and cries sounded mournfully in the ear. Not knowing how the fight had gone on in other parts of Paris, I thought it prudent to part with my gun before passing through the Barrier Clichy; but hiding my sword under my blouse, I reached home in safety.

[The remainder of this paper next week.]

MRS JAMESON'S LEGENDARY ART.

THE present age is accused, not without reason, of being too utilitarian. The people generally, it is alleged, have been intellectually sharpened and instructed in materialities, while but little attention has been paid to the imaginative feelings: existence has been robbed of its poetry. Efforts, however, we are glad to say, are now making to redeem the passing generation from reproaches of this nature. Matters of taste and refined art are now more attended to than they were a dozen years since; and in nothing is this more visible than the improved style of church architecture and decoration. The day is clearly gone when purity of religion was supposed to be uncongenial with any building better than a barn; painted windows are no longer heretical; and the gospel, it is now believed, can be preached with equal zeal and effect from a decently-draped pulpit as from the top of a tub.

In all this, and much more, we see the reaction which is the natural consequence of carrying out extreme views adverse to those imaginative feelings that may be dor-

mant in the human heart, but which no mere persuasion of judgment or prejudice can utterly extinguish. While thus in the dawn of a revival in the *spiritual* in art, and when society is looking back, as with a sigh, to the long and needless abasement of the beautiful, an author has stepped forward to enlighten us respecting many of those things which helped, in the olden time, to invest religion with poetry, and which, though possibly in themselves worthless, tended in some degree to impart a charm to the realities of existence. The work of Mrs Jameson, to which we refer,* is professedly connected with the arts of the sculptor and painter; but it likewise, from necessity, embraces much of the legendary lore on which artists founded their creations, and in this respect it may be said to be a useful handmaid of history. At all events, the book will not be perused without pleasure by those whose fancy is inclined to soar towards the confines of the spiritual world. It treats of the origin of devotional legends, of emblems and attributes of general application; angels, archangels, and hierarchies; apostles, fathers, and saints—the whole illustrative of art, and particularly of church decoration. Let us exemplify some of these interesting subjects.

Any one on entering one of the fine old cathedrals of England, will not be less struck with the general grandeur of effect, than curious as to the meaning of a variety of emblematic objects. In one or more of the gorgeously-painted windows he will see figures of the apostles: one depicted as holding a key; another with a sword in his hand; a third holding a book; and so on. Now, whence the origin of these fancies? From what source has the artist learned to drape the figures, and give each his suitable appointments? Again he sees that certain figures representing saints are invested with a halo of glory round the head. How did this idea originate? Again he observes that the representations of those beatific beings, angels, are furnished with large and feathery wings, while, as in the case of the demon which the archangel Michael is seen trampling under foot, the wings are those of a bat. On these, and other curiosities of archaeology, the work before us offers explanations which cannot but suggest many interesting views of mental progress. Perhaps the most pleasing part of the production is the author's disquisition on angels. 'There is something,' says she, 'so very attractive and poetical, as well as soothing to our helpless finite nature, in all the superstitions connected with the popular notion of angels, that we cannot wonder at their prevalence in the early ages of the world.' To quote from Spenser:—

'How oft do they their silver bowers leave,
And come to succour us that succour want?
How oft do they with golden pinions cleave
The fitting skies, like flying pursuivants,
Against foul fiends, to aid us militant?
They for us fight, they watch and dully ward,
And then bright squadrons round about us plant,
And all for love, and nothing for reward!
Oh why should heavenly God to men have such regard!'

After referring to the principal notices of angels, and their attributes, in Scripture, the author refers to the belief in angels which anciently prevailed in the East, and the treatment of the subject by different schools of painters. As messengers and as choristers, angels have been depicted in the most lovely forms; but little, it is observed, has been done to illustrate their functions as guardians. On this neglect Mrs Jameson has some happy observations. 'They are the deputed guardians of the just and innocent. St Raphael is the prince of the guardian angels. The Jews held that the angels deputed to Lot were his guardian angels. The fathers of the Christian church taught that every human being, from the hour of his birth to that of his death, is accompanied by an angel, appointed to watch over him. The Mohammedans give to each of us a good and an evil

angel; but the early Christians supposed us to be attended each by a good angel only, who undertakes that office, not merely from duty to God, and out of obedience and great humility, but as inspired by exceeding charity and love towards his human charge. It would require the tongues of angels themselves to recite all that we owe to these benign and vigilant guardians. They watch by the cradle of the new-born babe, and spread their celestial wings round the tottering steps of infancy. If the path of life be difficult and thorny, and evil spirits work us shame and wo, they sustain us; they bear the voice of our complaining, of our supplication, of our repentance, up to the foot of God's throne, and bring us back in return a pitying benediction, to strengthen and to cheer. When passion and temptation strive for the mastery, they encourage us to resist; when we conquer, they crown us; when we falter and fail, they compassionate and grieve over us; when we are obstinate in polluting our own souls, and perverted not only in act, but in will, they leave us; and wo to them that are so left! But the good angel does not quit his charge until his protection is despised, rejected, and utterly repudiated. Wonderful the fervour of their love—wonderful their meekness and patience, who endure from day to day the spectacle of the unveiled human heart with all its miserable weaknesses and vanities, its inordinate desires and selfish purposes! Constant to us in death, they contend against the powers of darkness for the emancipated spirit. . . . When at length the repentant soul is sufficiently purified, the guardian angel bears it to the bosom of the Saviour.'

This may be wild, according to the world's notion, but we confess we are sufficiently poetical to embrace the belief in almost its literal sense. It gives us comfort to know that a messenger of God—a spirit of Divine grace—is watchful over our temporal concerns. Better at least for mankind that they should possess so confiding a faith, than that they trampled the spiritual altogether under foot.

With respect to legendary art as applied to representations of the saints and fathers of the church, it is instructive to observe how circumstances and appearances have led to myths, which ultimately obtained universal credence. The human mind longing after the infinite and marvellous, ignorant of the principles which produce the ordinary phenomena of nature, has been prone to myths; and indeed all knowledge may be said to pass through the mythic stage. A myth is a story of the marvellous and preternatural, such as the history of the heathen gods; but it is frequently associated with local appearances, which are supposed to be accounted for by its details. Every village has its myth. If there be a huge mound of earth, which nobody knows the origin of, it is said to be the grave of a giant, who lived in these parts long ago. If there be two round holes in the face of a rock at the distance of perhaps a foot from each other, they are Samson's span. If there be a row of large boulder stones on a moor, these were laid down by a celebrated wizard. Such are familiar examples of the *myth*. The pictures of the fathers are half mythic. St Jerome was reputed to be as bold as a lion; this talk of his lion-like character was expanded into a story, in which a lion performs a part; and the saint is accordingly always painted in company with a lion. Here is the myth:—'We read in the legendary history of St Jerome,' proceeds our authoress, 'that one evening, as he sat within the gates of his monastery at Bethlehem, a lion entered, limping, as in pain; and all the brethren, when they saw the lion, fled in terror. But Jerome arose, and went forward to meet him, as though he had been a guest; and the lion lifted up his paw, and St Jerome, on examining it, found that it was wounded by a thorn, which he extracted; and he tended the lion till he was healed. The grateful beast remained with his benefactor, and Jerome confided to him the task of guarding an ass which was employed in bringing firewood from the forest. On one occasion, the lion having gone to sleep while the ass was at pasture, some

* Sacred and Legendary Art, by Mrs Jameson. 2 vols. Illustrated with Engravings. Longman, London, 1845.

merchants passing by carried away the latter, and the lion, after searching for him in vain, returned to the monastery with drooping head, as one ashamed. St Jerome, believing that he had devoured his companion, commanded that the daily task of the ass should be laid upon the lion, and that the fagots should be bound on his back; to which he magnanimously submitted, until the ass was recovered; which was in this wise: One day the lion, having finished his task, ran hither and thither, still seeking his companion; and he saw a caravan of merchants approaching, and a string of camels, which, according to the Arabian custom, were led by an ass; and when the lion recognised his friend, he drove the camels into the convent, and so terrified the merchants, that they confessed the theft, and received pardon from St Jerome.

The stories of patron saints overcoming huge serpents and fiery dragons are all myths, founded on the discovery of saurian remains of a large size. The skeleton of a marvellously large reptile is found somewhere, and forthwith an imaginary hero called St George is mounted on a charger, and kills the terrible creature with his spear. We are, however, half sorry for having to unweave these popular myths; and recommending Mrs Jameson's fascinating book to the perusal, and not too prosaic judgment of our readers, we conclude with a very pretty myth, founded on the reputed bodily strength of St Christopher:—

"Christopher was of the land of Canaan, and the name by which he was there known was Offero. He was a man of colossal stature, and of a terrible aspect, and being proud of his vast bulk and strength, he was resolved that he would serve no other than the greatest and the most powerful monarch that existed. So he travelled far and wide to seek this greatest of kings; and at length he came to the court of a certain monarch who was said to exceed in power and riches all the kings of the earth, and he offered to serve him. And the king, seeing his great height and strength—for surely, since the giant of Gath, there had been none like to him—entertained him with joy.

"Now it happened one day, as Christopher stood by the king in his court, there came a minstrel who sung before the king, and in his story there was frequent mention of the devil, and every time the king heard the name of the Evil Spirit he crossed himself. Christopher inquired the reason of this gesture, but the king did not answer. Then said Christopher, "If thou tellest me not, I leave thee!" So the king told him, "I make that sign to preserve me from the power of Satan, for I fear lest he overcome me and slay me." Then said Christopher, "If thou fearest Satan, then thou art not the most powerful prince in the world: thou hast deceived me. I will go seek this Satan, and him will I serve; for he is mightier than thou art." So he departed, and he travelled far and wide; and as he crossed a desert plain, he beheld a great crowd of armed men, and at their head marched a terrible and frightful being, with the air of a conqueror; and he stopped Christopher on his path, saying, "Man, where goest thou?" And Christopher answered, "I go to seek Satan, because he is the greatest prince in the world, and him would I serve." Then the other replied, "I am he: seek no farther." Then Christopher bowed down before him, and entered his service; and they travelled on together.

"Now when they had journeyed a long long way, they came to a place where four roads met, and there was a cross by the wayside. When the Evil One saw the cross, he was seized with fear, and trembled violently; and he turned back, and made a great circuit to avoid it. When Christopher saw this he was astonished, and inquired, "Why hast thou done so?"—and the devil answered not. Then said Christopher, "If thou tellest me not, I leave thee." So, being thus constrained, the fiend replied, "Upon that cross died Jesus Christ; and when I behold it, I must tremble and fly, for I fear him." Then Christopher was more and more astonished; and he said, "How, then! this Jesus,

whom thou fearest, must be more potent than thou art! I will go seek him, and him will I serve!" So he left the devil, and travelled far and wide, seeking Christ; and having sought him for many days, he came to the cell of a holy hermit, and desired of him that he would show him Christ. Then the hermit began to instruct him diligently, and said, "This king whom thou seekest is indeed the Great King of heaven and earth; but if thou wouldst serve Him, He will impose many and hard duties on thee. Thou must fast often." And Christopher said, "I will not fast; for surely if I were to fast, my strength would leave me." "And thou must pray!" added the hermit. Said Christopher, "I know nothing of prayers, and I will not be bound to such a service." Then said the hermit, "Knowest thou a certain river, stony, and wide, and deep, and often swelled by the rains, and wherein many people perish who attempt to pass over?" And he answered, "I know it." Then said the hermit, "Since thou wilt neither fast nor pray, go to that river, and use thy strength to aid and to save those who struggle with the stream, and those who are about to perish. It may be that this good work shall prove acceptable to Jesus Christ, whom thou desirest to serve, and that he may manifest himself to thee!" To which Christopher replied joyfully, "This I can do. It is a service that pleaseth me well!" So he went, as the hermit had directed, and he dwelt by the side of the river; and having rooted up a palm-tree from the forest—so strong he was and tall—he used it for a staff to support and guide his steps, and he aided those who were about to sink, and the weak he carried on his shoulders across the stream; and by day and by night he was always ready for his task, and failed not, and was never wearied of helping those who needed help. So the thing that he did pleased our Lord, who looked down upon him out of heaven, and said within himself, "Behold this strong man, who knoweth not yet the way to worship me, yet hath found the way to serve me!"

"Now when Christopher had spent many days in this toil, it came to pass one night, as he rested himself in a hut he had built of boughs, he heard a voice which called to him from the shore: it was the plaintive voice of a child, and it seemed to say, "Christopher, come forth and carry me over!" And he rose forthwith and looked out, but saw nothing; then he lay down again; but the voice called to him in the same words a second and a third time; and the third time he sought round about with a lantern; and at length he beheld a little child sitting on the bank, who besought him, saying, "Christopher, carry me over this night." And Christopher lifted the child on his strong shoulders, and took his staff and entered the stream. And the waters rose higher and higher, and the waves roared, and the winds blew; and the infant on his shoulders became heavier, and still heavier, till it seemed to him that he must sink under the excessive weight, and he began to fear; but nevertheless taking courage, and staying his tottering steps with his palm staff, he at length reached the opposite bank; and when he had laid the child down, safely and gently, he looked upon him with astonishment, and he said, "Who art thou, child, that hath placed me in such extreme peril? Had I carried the whole world on my shoulders, the burden had not been heavier!" And the child replied, "Wonder not, Christopher, for thou hast not only borne the world, but Him who made the world, upon thy shoulders. Me wouldst thou serve in this thy work of charity; and behold I have accepted thy service; and in testimony that I have accepted thy service and thee, plant thy staff in the ground, and it shall put forth leaves and fruit." Christopher did so, and the dry staff flourished as a palm-tree in the season, and was covered with clusters of dates; but the miraculous child had vanished. Then Christopher fell on his face, and confessed and worshipped Christ.

In virtue of his services on the above occasion, Offero, the bearer, added the prefix Christ to his name,

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forming the word Christopher. The legend has been finely illustrated by Albert Durer, who represents Christopher wading through a deep river, leaning on a staff, and carrying the infant Saviour on his shoulders. By a superadded myth, St Christopher is the helper of those who struggle with dangers and difficulties.

A CHAPTER ON ODD PEOPLE.

'Yes, sir,' said Dr Johnson once in reply to a remark of Boswell; 'every man who has brains is eccentric, because he sees and thinks for himself; and if he did not, minds would be all cut with compasses, and no rational man could endure society.' Doubtless the leviathan of literature, as both friends and enemies called him in his day, had learned, by means of his proverbial love of 'a good talk,' how much social life is enlivened by occasional obliquities of taste, and even of judgment.

'Defend me from pattern ladies and men of rule!' was the *petition* of a rather unruly poet, in which many who are not poets will be found to concur, for there seems a natural association between dulness and uniformity. Yet the widest deviations from received ideas, as regards external matters, are not always made by the ablest thinkers. All the world has heard, and probably by this time got tired, of the eccentricities of genius. They have been largely reported, and still more largely imitated, particularly those of the discreditable kind, since it was found out that great wit was allied to madness. Numbers who could never reach the former have adopted the latter as its nearest relation, forgetful that they were affecting only what had disgraced their betters, and too frequently that which would have disgraced any grade of mind.

But the age for such affectations, even of the harmless order, is past; eccentricity is now known to be one of the liabilities, not the consequence, of genius, and has been most prominently displayed in those who had no genius at all.

These are smoothing-down days, and peculiarities appear above the surface more rarely than they did in less polishing times; but uncelebrated oddities may still be encountered in every by-way and corner of life. The upland hamlet, the rural village, or the small country town, can generally boast a Miss or Mr Whimsy of its own, whose out-of-the-way sayings and doings will return among the pleasures of memory to some of its scattered denizens in far-off scenes and years. Even in great cities, where the perpetual though changeable currents of business and society are calculated to wear away the angularities of minds and manners, it is wonderful in what perfection they still exist.

The first Charles Mathews used to describe three meagre brothers, all men of business in New York, who always had their garments made double the fitting size, in order to save time and trouble in case their respective corporations should increase, an occurrence which appeared probable to them alone. The residents of another busy street in that same western city, about twenty years ago, may recollect an old man whose whim was still more remarkable. He was a bachelor with a decent income; and, strange to say, no miser, though he lived utterly alone, acted as his own attendant in every department of housekeeping, and never admitted a single feminine assistant, as his special ambition was to be what he called independent of women. There were those who said the old boy had been slighted or aggrieved by some of the sex in his younger days;

perhaps the story originated only in conjecture, but the advocates of woman's rights and mission would have been astonished at the legion of wrongs he could muster up when denouncing female tyranny, under which he affirmed the whole creation groaned. No misfortune, great or small, ever happened to any man within his knowledge which he could not trace, by a most elaborate process of reasoning, to some female hand. And one of his chief doctrines was, that no man could admit one of the fair (by courtesy) within the walls of his domicile and escape absolute slavery. To preserve his own liberty, therefore, this original philosopher superseded the ladies in actual service, from stitching shirts to making tea. He is said to have acquired extraordinary proficiency, particularly in the former art, and always boasted to his friends that he was one independent man.

Lingerers in the state of celibacy are popularly believed to be more addicted to eccentricity than the wedded of mankind; on which belief a minutely ingenious philosopher once suggested the inquiry, 'Whether being single was the cause of their singularity, or *vice versa*?' Certain it is that the special characteristics of the New York bachelor could exist in no other condition; yet it may be hoped that all the single are not singular, especially as some odd actors are occasionally found among the doubly-blessed.

I knew a married lady whose peculiar taste in dress formed the standing topic of conversation to the fairer portion of a country parish. She had been an heiress in a small way, and could therefore command some of the sinews of fashion; but she said no milliner should ever dictate to her, for she had an original fancy, and would not be put in uniform. This resolution she kept with the zeal of a patriot; never was the regimentalism of costume more defied than in the cut of her garments, while the boasted originality was displayed in an arrangement of colours, and an adaptation of materials, which set at naught all toilet regulations. Her favourite winter attire was a white flannel cloak lined with scarlet. She delighted in tartan boots; and when I last heard of her, she had just horrified the ladies of the neighbourhood by trimming her bonnet with broad-cloth.

Perhaps the most ordinary and unobtrusive form of eccentricity is favouritism with regard to certain articles. There was a man of rank some years ago in Paris, known to his acquaintances by the *soubriquet* of 'the shoe-gatherer,' from his habit of heaping up boots and shoes, new and old, till a large room in his residence was necessarily set apart for the purpose of containing them; and he was said rarely to have passed a shop of the kind without ordering home an additional supply.

A clergyman of my native village took a similar delight in wigs; and a hundred and fifty 'time deflers,' as a London wit designated those articles, were sold by auction on the good man's premises after his death. The rarest instance of this description I ever knew was that of a farmer whose enthusiasm rested on pots. He bought them, large and small, on every possible pretext, to the confusion of the kitchen-maid and the annoyance of his helpmate; till the latter, having a small taste of the Tartar in her composition, at length declared war against pot metal, and eventually won the day so far, that, on her husband's occasional visits to the nearest market town, she was wont to shout after him the following adjuration, 'Mind, bring no pots home with you!' Her injunction was generally obeyed, for the lady might not be provoked with impunity. But when

a supernumerary dram warmed the farmer's fancy, it would sometimes revert to the ancient channel, and he has been known to deposit a pot or two at a neighbouring cottage, as the dread of probable consequences occurred with the sight of his own chimney smoke.

Some persons are eccentric in their curiosity, and a troublesome kind of oddity it is at times to their neighbours, as they are apt to ask all manner of inconvenient questions. A family dispute, a lost situation, or a failure in business, is among their chosen subjects; and by way of securing authentic information, they make a point of applying to the parties most concerned. It was a genius of this order who, when Talleyrand was dismissed from office by the Emperor, sent him a long letter explicitly detailing all the reports in circulation against him, and concluding with a polite request to be informed which of them was true. A similar character on our own side of the British Channel one day mistaking Tyrone Power for a captain of his acquaintance who had just quitted the service under equivocal circumstances, seized the comedian by the button at Charing Cross, with, 'Oh, Captain Blake, I was sorry to hear it—'pon my honour I was—but were you actually cashiered for cowardice?'

'I have not the honour to be Captain Blake, sir,' said Power, still led along by the button; 'and when you meet that gentleman, I advise you not to press the question.'

'Why,' said the blunt of brain, 'couldn't he tell me best?'

'Ah yes, my dear fellow,' responded Power benevolently; 'but he might kick you!'

Probably the most eccentric expression of grief recorded is that of Madame du Deffand, of Walpole notoriety, who, being informed in the midst of a large party that one of her intimate friends had died some hours before, ejaculated, '*Hélas!* I shall not be able to take any supper!'

Eccentric prejudices are comparatively common: one occasionally meets with individuals who regard the use of animal food as the cause of all the ills that flesh is heir to; and a gentleman, formerly residing in Kent, put his confidence entirely in turnips as their universal remedy. Constitutional antipathies or affinities, unaccountable as they are in themselves, would perhaps account for these notions, as well as for those eccentric preferences of sights, sounds, and odours, which are otherwise inexplicable. Persons have been known to dislike the smell of roses, and rather prefer that of garlic; others have relished the rasping of a file; and the Dutch doctor, who saw nothing in all Paris to admire but the shambles, has doubtless brethren in many lands.

There are, however, peculiarities of taste which have their origin in the higher ground of our nature, and belong to minds of a finer fabric. Charles Lamb confessed that he admired a squint, because a girl to whom he had been attached in early life squinted prodigiously; and a lady of my acquaintance once thought a club-foot interesting, from similar recollections. It is strange how seldom eccentricity takes an elevating or even an agreeable form: odd ways are rarely those of pleasantness, or peace either; though many of the world's notables have indulged in them, as stands recorded by better pens and ampler pages than mine. It is not always genius that makes one differ from his neighbours, but some heavy strength of character, considerable obstinacy, and at times right royal virtues, may be found among the oddfellows of creation.

One of the best-principled women I ever knew was possessed with a restless anxiety to learn not only the Christian names of every person she chanced to encounter, but those of all their relations in the ascending line. Her inquiries, which were vigorously pushed forward

in all companies, sometimes created most ludicrous annoyance to the parties interrogated, though I cannot recollect an instance of her getting beyond the great grandfather.

It has been observed that singular tastes and habits are less frequently found among the working-classes than in the superior ranks; the pressing necessities of life generally requiring the utmost exertions of the former in continuous labour, leave them neither time nor means for indulging in peculiarities. There is no scope for eccentricity in such circumstances; yet where the bent is strong, it will make room for itself. Some years ago a northern town of England, once famous in Border history, and now of some importance on one of our great railway lines, received an addition to its inhabitants, whose mode of conducting his pilgrimage through life, considering the path in which he journeyed, was something original. He was a man about thirty, tall, handsome, and of that sort of air generally known as genteel, on which point his singularity seemed to rest. The man avowed himself to be a native of London; his business was the sale and manufacture of muffins; and no one, so far as I heard, thought of inquiring after his name. He lived in a small cottage in the suburbs of the town, to which neither assistant, attendant, nor visitor was known to have been admitted. There he made his muffins, and thence he issued to supply his various customers as regularly as the English breakfast-hour came round. But no London exquisite, prepared for a lounge in Bond Street or the Park, could appear with more fashionably-cut coat, faultless hat, or more stainless linen; from the polish of his boots to the whiteness of his gloves he was a perfect Brummel, always excepting the basket over his arm, which, however, was ingeniously contrived to resemble that usually carried by anglers. Out of that array he was never seen on the street. How it could be obtained or kept in order was a daily renewed wonder. People said there was a very different dress worn at the cottage; and all the tailors of the town affirmed he made his own garments, as to the business of none had he given the smallest addition. His solitary leisure was spent in cleaning gloves, brushing up matters generally, and disciplining a couple of shirts; for that morning-sally was the joy of his life, and to be occasionally mistaken for a gentleman dandy, his only aim and reward. This devoutly-wished-for consummation he attained at times, and one instance of it served to amuse the townspeople, to whose knowledge it came, for many a day. The daughter of a respectable merchant who had just returned from a London boarding-school, with a large importation of airs, and a profound admiration for everything showy and useless, chanced to meet the incomparable recluse on the first of her morning walks. The young lady came home overflowing with what she called the romantic circumstance of a distinguished young nobleman actually coming to rusticate in such a place on pretext of angling in the celebrated salmon river. She knew he was Frederick Beauchamp, the brother of her particular friend Lady Theresa, daughter of the Earl of —, who had introduced him to her just before leaving school. He had looked very much at her: she would bow to him on the next occasion.

True to her resolution, she sallied forth on the following day after an hour's extra dressing, and encountered the object of her solicitude on his usual morning rounds. Miss took the opportunity of saluting him in the crowded street before two elderly acquaintances, and her nod was most gravely returned.

'He cannot recollect me, I am so much grown!'

said she in a loud whisper.

'Do you know him?' inquired one of the ladies in company.

'Oh yes!' responded miss. 'I met him frequently in London.'

'Indeed!' replied the querist; 'he has been here for two years, and they call him the Muffin-Man.'

Her neighbours averred that, after that revelation,

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the particular friend of Lady Theresa was never in a hurry to recognise distinguished-looking strangers; but with the eccentric muffin-man close my recollections of oddities.

CURIOSITIES OF TRADE.

Among the benefits which civilisation confers on mankind, the friends of utility have ever included the number and variety of employments it furnishes for their various talents and abilities. Since labour is evidently appointed to man, not only by the constitution of his nature, but by those necessities to which the great majority of our species are born, and since laws equally inevitable have produced an endless difference of individual capacity, the increase of occupations, always excepting those of a demoralising tendency, by enlarging the scope of energy; and multiplying the means of subsistence, is at once the natural resource and the best protection of society.

Doubtless the oldest professions were those of the hunter, the fisherman, and the husbandman. They are all that now exist among savage tribes; and it is remarkable that the last is invariably the least valued. The cultivation of the soil, natural and primitive as it seems, has always been considered beneath the savage man, and left to the inferior abilities of his wife. 'Would you have me lay aside the bow and spear, and hoe corn like a squaw?' said a Mohawk Indian, when, after complaining of the scarcity of game to a Moravian missionary, the latter advised him to employ himself in planting with maize a piece of rich prairie ground on which they stood. Probably the ancient British warriors, who wore the hide of the wild bison, and made their javelins of deer's horns, regarded what they knew of agriculture with no less contempt. Unluckily, a respect for useful industry does not yet remain to be acquired only by savages, nor has the proper distribution of labour advanced as far beyond the Mohawk's ideas as one may hope the progress of things will carry it; but the paths which human ingenuity has already struck out for itself in the course of that progression, are not more varied than remarkable in their windings through the different phases of civilisation.

The modes of daily labour generally denominated trades, present some varieties curiously adapted to the demands of times and countries in which they are found to flourish.

In the east of Asia, where black teeth are admired, from China to Kamtskatka, the profession of a tooth-stainer is quite as extensively followed, and in no less repute, than that of the European dentist, whose place it occupies. The duties annexed are, however, less comprehensive, being almost restricted to the blacking process, which, in a thousand cases, must be found more convenient than our contrary requisition. Dental diseases are by no means of such frequent occurrence in those regions as among the nations of Europe; and physicians have ascribed the fact to the simpler diet of the people, and the thoughtless, indolent current in which their lives flow on—scarcely more chequered by change or mental excitement than those of their sheep or cattle, which keep their teeth equally sound. The blacking business is practised by both sexes, and some of its chiefs enjoy considerable reputation and emolument from the permanence of their dye, and the jetty polish imparted by their art; the secrets of which are kept with Oriental tenacity, more especially from the barbarians, as Europeans are politely termed, the profession being determined against sharing their profits with them.

There is a description of trade, we believe, confined to China, and highly characteristic of its social condition. The Chinese name, which literally signifies gossip-monger, may sound rather new to British ears in connection with a paying vocation; yet such it is, and it is handsomely remunerative. A number of elderly ladies, generally widows, make it their business to collect gossip,

on *dits*, and stories of all sorts, with which they repair to the houses of the rich, announcing their arrival by beating a small drum, which they carry for that purpose, and offer their services to amuse the ladies of the family. When it is recollected that shopping, public assemblies, and even morning calls, are all but forbidden to the beauty and fashion of China by their country's notions of both propriety and feet, some idea may be formed of the welcome generally given to these reporting dames. They are paid according to the time employed, at the rate of about half-a-crown an hour, and are besides in the frequent receipt of presents—their occupation affording many opportunities of making themselves generally useful in matters of courtship, rivalry, and etiquette. On these accounts they generally retire from business in easy circumstances, but are said never to do so unless obliged by actual infirmity; and the Chinese remark that theirs is the only profession to which its practitioners are uniformly attached by inclination.

In most Mohammedan countries there exists a trade not less indicative of their peculiar customs. It is followed by a similar description of persons, but somewhat inferior in rank to the gossip-dispensers of China. Like them, they are generally old and solitary women, and called *dellalehs*, or female brokers. They go from house to house, collecting those specimens of needle-work on which the inmates of the harem employ their abundant leisure. Purses, veils, embroidered shawls, and other appendages of Eastern fashion, are thus fabricated and entrusted to the *dellaleh*, who sells them to wealthier or less industrious ladies. From the very nature of her business, she knows where one article may be found and another is wanted, and so conducts a species of domestic commerce, from which considerable profits are said to be realised by the workers. Their industry is encouraged by the exclusive possession of the money thus acquired, it being inalienable, even in the case of slaves; and Lane, in his edition of the 'Arabian Nights,' supplies an instance of one of these girls, who privately gave her lover a sum of money from her own earnings, sufficient to purchase her in the public market. The *dellalehs* receive a small commission on their sales, and are usually trustworthy, as the contrary conduct would upset their business. They are also enabled to do a trifle in the gossiping line, and there are none more welcome visitors to an Eastern household.

The profession of a dancer is common over all Asia, and practised chiefly by women. In social position and general repute they resemble the ballet-girls of Europe; but wanting the accessories of the stage, which has scarcely a representative in Eastern lands, they never attain to the extravagant success of our Taglionis or Elslers. Their business is to attend at banquets and merry-makings of all sorts, and dance for the amusement of the company, being remunerated according to time, and generally receiving some gratuity from the richer or more liberal guests, who admire and criticise their performance; but no person of respectability would be seen to dance in those countries, where a ball, therefore, is out of the question.

There was a trade transplanted in old times to Italy, it was said, by the early Crusaders, who brought it, with some other arts, from Asia, where remnants of the profession still exist, particularly among the Arabs: the practitioners were called in Italian *ricondetti*, or story-tellers, and their trade consisted entirely of relating long and marvellous narrations, many of which they were believed to invent for the purpose of keeping the time of the nobility from hanging heavy on their hands when it was not employed in either war or tournament. In times when none but priests could read, these men must have done some service to the community. Many of the wealthier barons retained story-tellers of their own in constant pay; and others of the profession went from castle to castle, and from town to town, in search of custom, charging so much per tale;

and they are said to have preserved and transmitted in this manner most of the old and popular romances of Europe.

The progress of the press, comparatively slow as it has been in Italy, has long since superseded this profession, as it is probable the advance of the school-master will that of the letter-writer, which is still a tolerably remunerative business in the southern division of the continent. About the middle of the last century it had attained its zenith in Paris, and many of the chief practitioners kept regular offices, with numerous clerks, appointed, according to their abilities, for the different orders of epistles, the composition of which they were expected to manage as well as the penmanship. Thus one was in the application line, which province included all letters of inquiry addressed to public offices, and those of people in search of situations. Next came the friendly division: it comprehended all correspondence with relatives or mere acquaintances. But the principal and most laborious was the love department, which required a double supply of hands. A facility in the imitation of different handwritings was an acknowledged recommendation to this employment, and its confidential secrecy was respected even by the police of the period.

It is worthy of remark that the professed letter-writer never appeared among the trades of England, in those very times of education so graphically described by a popular poetaster—

* When not a man in twenty score
Knew how to make his mark.*

The nearest approach to it was the occupation of a small number then called clerks, but generally poor unbeneficed clergymen, or ill-provided students, residing in large towns, who were employed to write news-letters, or summaries of the current intelligence, to the more curious of the nobility when abroad or in the country: their vocation flourished chiefly in the Elizabethan age, at the close of which it began to wane before that great adjunct of modern life—the newspaper; but some remains of it are observable in the time of the Protectorate, and it does not seem to have been totally extinct at the Revolution.

There are still older and equally superannuated trades that figure in the records of what may be called England's rustic times. One of them (and a contrast it is to the last-mentioned) was that of a pewterer. The manufacture of pewter-ware appears to have been almost peculiar to England, and was esteemed an affair of national pride and profit about the beginning of the fifteenth century, when the guild of pewterers was incorporated in the city of London, and a law, dictated by the narrow policy of the age, prohibited under severe penalties any who understood the art and mystery of pewter-making from going beyond the four seas of Britain, or taking the son of an alien as an apprentice, on any pretext whatever. It is strange to look on the old disused plates and flacons which may yet be seen in some out-of-the-way farm-house—the only remnants of once bright and ample rows—and think on how many subjects public opinion has changed, as well as on pewter, since parliament passed that statute.

A trade in many respects contemporary with the pewterers, was that known as a woman's tailor; for singular as it may sound, the dressmakers of our female ancestors belonged entirely to the rougher sex. Whether this arrangement originated in the fashions of former times, which prescribed the same substantial materials for the external garments of both lord and lady, dividing their rich velvets, heavy silks, and fine broadcloths equally between them, with comparatively small difference of form; or whether it was owing to a practical paradox in their social economy, similar to that which occupies tall fellows with gauze and gumflowers in our modern shops—is now too distant for our discovery; but the profession continued to stitch and prosper till the beginning of Charles I.'s reign, when his queen, Henrietta

Maria, introduced at once that article of dress called the mantua, and its feminine fabricator, as a French improvement, to the ladies of her court; on which account the term mantuamaker was applied to needlewomen in general, almost to our own times. Shakspeare, in one of his dramas, introduces a disciple of the art referred to, in terms which indicate how low a place the kirtle-making man held in popular respect.

A branch of female industry which rose with his decline, has long since merged in the complicated duties of the laundress; but in the latter days of Elizabeth, few professions in England were more remunerative than that of a starcher. Stiffness was then the order of dress; and a divine of the period complains that the court starchers were more esteemed and better paid than the court chaplains. How far that preposterous preference may have weighed with the pulpit, it is not for us to decide; but sundry sermons were preached against starch: yet in the reign of Charles II. it appears that the apprentice fees required by a professor of the art were £.10 for boiling, and £.5 for putting on—a smart sum, as money was then estimated.

An observant statist has remarked that the only trade which has become extinct in Scotland for many centuries, is that of the professional beggar or blue-gown, a humble but significant feature of his times. One of the most primitive and longest-perpetuated trades is that of the gem-seeker of Bohemia, the rocks of that mountainous and yet wild country being known to contain a great variety of stones valued by the jeweller. The opal, jasper, and amethyst, are found imbedded in their crevices; and in the search for these the gem-seeker spends his days. He goes into the wilds a solitary man, like the chamois-hunter of the Alps; but carrying, in lieu of his rifle and ammunition, a chisel, a hammer, and a small wooden mallet stuck in his belt, from which hangs a pouch to contain the gems. He is generally of the peasant class, and not particularly regular in his habits, a too frequent accompaniment of uncertain earnings, which those of the gem-seeker must be; but as a class, their patience and skill in tracing out the objects of their search are said to be almost incredible; and there are current a thousand tales of fortunate men who bought lands and built castles with the proceeds of a single day's discovery. However, these stories generally date from distant times.

Popular superstition or credulity has given ground for several singular and sometimes profitable trades; such as the rain-makers of Africa, the serpent-charmers of India, and the fortune-tellers, dream-readers, and finders of stolen goods, so trusted in Europe's darker days, and still known through some lowly representatives in its backward corners. It is, however, consolatory to think that so few really useful trades have been lost or superseded in the course of ages, compared with the many avenues of exertion opened by an increased demand for the conveniences and refinements of life. Strange it is, too, in spite of the familiarity consequent on everyday recurrence, to reflect how many of the employments of mankind are full of risk and danger: the diver, the miner, and the fireman, have dreadful trades, as well as the 'one that gathers samphire.' They are indeed, to quote from a German philosopher, 'ennobled by utility;' and as the butcher remarked of his own ungentle craft, 'somebody must do it.' Doubtless the reconciling power of habit may be largely reckoned on; and in this portion of the curiosities of trade, an honest Savoyard's experience, though belonging to the last century, seems to deserve a place for its singularity. He had been obliged to leave his native valleys in search of work, and could find none but that of making wooden shoes for the French peasants among whom he settled; in process of time the sabots such as the Savoyard made went out of fashion, and then he betook himself to the sweeping of chimneys. Some years after a mine was opened in the district, and the Savoyard became a collier, but still

varying matters with his second profession: when he went down a shaft, the worthy man was wont to thank his stars that it was not up a flue; and when on the sooty ascension, his thanksgivings were equally fervent that he was not going down to the mine; but he always assured his friends that neither of them was so bad as the making of sabots.

CENTRAL AUSTRALIA.

It is strange that the immense island, or small continent, of Australia, although bordered with British colonies, should be still in great part a land of darkness and mystery, similar to those expanses on which, when figured in their maps, our ancestors used to write the words *terra incognita*. But so it is. Repeated attempts have been made to explore its interior; but to the present moment we cannot tell whether this portion of the British dominions contains such inland seas as we find in America, or is laid out in almost interminable deserts of sand, earth, or stones. Captain Sturt, one of the most persevering and enterprising of the Australian pioneers of science, has just published a narrative of his explorations; and although he is far from solving the enigma, we think it may be well to relate briefly what he has really accomplished, and thus to put our readers in possession of the question as it at present stands.*

There is little doubt that South Australia is the point from which the expedition must set out which is destined to bring the whole region within the pale of geographical science; that is to say, it must draw a line, south and north, from the eastern angle of the great Australian bight to the Gulf of Carpentaria, crossing the tropic of Capricorn. The farthest point gained by Captain Sturt was 24° 40' south latitude, or a little more than half-way between the head of the bight and that of the gulf. His account of this adventurous journey wants compactness. If it were merely rough, we should like it all the better; but its redundancy in unimportant details brings forward unpleasantly the want of literary style and artistic keeping, and will perhaps render the captain's audience fewer than his labours deserve.

South Australia, the starting-point, is, as our readers know, a rather flourishing settlement, placed about the middle of the southern side of the island or continent, between Port Phillip on the east, and Swan River colony on the west, and extending northwards into the interior to the 26th parallel of latitude. On the sea-board there is plenty of good anchorage, and several secure and capacious harbours; and Port Adelaide forms an excellent shipping entrepôt for the capital, which stands at a distance of six miles from the sea. The city contains a population of about 10,000 souls, with churches and schools on a respectable scale, and shops overflowing with almost every article of European produce, generally at a very trifling advance on home prices.

A considerable part of the province is well wooded for some distance inland; but the trees decrease in number as you proceed towards the north, till at length the country is laid out in open downs. The proportion of unavailable land is, in Captain Sturt's opinion, greater than that of good land; indeed he thinks the quantity of the latter very limited in proportion to the extent of the territory. Its quality, however, has been hitherto under rather than over-estimated; and the province is, upon the whole, well fitted for a rural peasantry, and calculated to support likewise by its agricultural products large masses of a mining and manufacturing population. The average crop of wheat is upwards of twenty-five bushels to the acre on the better soils; but in some localities it exceeds forty; and it has been known to reach fifty-two.

The whole area of the province contains about 300,000 square miles, or upwards of 190,000,000 acres; but the actual location does not exceed 7,000,000 acres, and even in this there is included a considerable portion of unavailable land. Of the available land, 470,000 acres have been purchased; but the extent of country occupied by sheep and cattle stations is not known. Agricultural operations have increased so rapidly within the last few years, that the produce far exceeds the wants of the settlers; and the flour which in 1839 was £120 a ton, is now from £12 to £13. Live-stock has increased in a similar ratio; the number of sheep being now about 1,000,000, with an annual increase of 200,000; whereas in 1844 the number assessed was only 355,700. Even before this prosperous course began—that is, in 1843—the discovery of rich mines gave a powerful impulse to the rise of the colony; but the mineral thus opened to the industry of the inhabitants is looked upon by our author rather as an auxiliary than as the main cause of the turn of their fortunes. The copper ores of Australia are more valuable in the Swansea market than those of any other region; but the necessity of sending them thither for smelting—owing to the want of coal, and the scarcity of wood near the mines—is the great drawback upon the rising fortune of the colony. The Burra Burra mine, however, in 1847 paid three dividends to its proprietors, amounting to 200 per cent. on the subscribed capital.

Proceeding into the interior from the coast towards the north, the features of the country become exaggerated; and in the midst of vast deserts, we arrive at extensive oases of woods and pastures. The author's geological theory is, that the continent of Australia was at one time an archipelago, but that the land covered by the sea was suddenly raised to its present level by igneous agency. The country sinks from the north and north-east towards the south and south-west, and in this direction there came, during the convulsion referred to, a rush of waters, which, being divided by interposing obstacles, sought the sea on one side by the channel of the river Darling, and on the other by the great Australian bight. This hypothesis accounts for various appearances our traveller observed on the surface of the country. He supposes that the two parts of the country, in the direction of the torrent, were originally separated by water; and that there will still be found the traces of this separation in one or more inland seas. Captain Sturt's expedition, however, was limited in its object. He was absolutely forbidden to conduct his party through the tropical regions to the Gulf of Carpentaria, but was directed to ascertain the existence or non-existence of a chain of hills supposed to trend from the north-east to the south-west, and form a great natural division of the continent. This chain may be considered, from the result of his inquiries, to have no existence; but he did not quite reach the tropic, and was 150 miles to the east of the centre of the continent.

In his dreary journey he passed through successive deserts of sand, earth, and stones. The first was perhaps the most tormenting, the travellers being lost in small basins or hollows, from which they were unable to see to any distance. There was no grass for their horse, no water. 'We were then in one of the most gloomy regions that man ever traversed. The stillness of death reigned around us; no living creature was to be heard. Nothing visible inhabited that dreary desert but the ant; even the fly shunned it; and yet its yielding surface was marked all over with the tracks of native dogs.' Day after day they continued traversing this wretched country, unable to see a mile in any direction. They at length reached a small round hill, which they eagerly ascended; but 'there was no apparent change; for the brush in the distance was darker than that nearer to us, as if plains succeeded the sandy desert we had passed over. The whole landscape, however, was one of the most gloomy character, and I found myself obliged to turn from it in disappointment.

* Narrative of an Expedition into Central Australia, &c. By Captain Charles Sturt, F.L.S., F.R.G.S., &c. 2 vols. London: Boone. 1849.

As far as I could judge, we passed about a mile beyond the 28th parallel.'

We shall now, by way of a change, introduce the reader to the Stony Desert. 'On travelling over the plain, we found it undulating, with shining hollows, in which it was evident water sometimes collects. The stones, with which the ground was so thickly covered as to exclude vegetation, were of different lengths, from one inch to six. They had been rounded by attrition, were coated with oxide of iron, and evenly distributed. In going over this dreary waste, the horses left no track, and that of the cart was only visible here and there. From the spot on which we stopped no object of any kind broke the line of the horizon: we were as lonely as a ship at sea, and as a navigator seeking for land, only that we had the disadvantage of an unsteady compass, without any fixed point on which to steer. The fragments covering this singular feature were all of the same kind of rock, indurated or compact quartz, and appeared to me to have had originally the form of parallelograms, resembling both in their size and shape the shivered fragments lying at the base of the northern ranges, to which I have already had occasion to call attention.'

Another extraordinary feature followed—the Earthy Desert; 'resembling in appearance a boundless piece of ploughed land, on which floods had settled and subsided. The earth seemed to have once been mud, and then dried. Over this field of earth we continued to advance almost all day, without knowing whether we were getting still farther into it or working our way out. About an hour before sunset, this point was settled beyond doubt by the sudden appearance of some hills over the line of the horizon, raised above their true position by refraction.' These hills, however, soon disappeared; and when reached the next day, they proved to be merely lofty ridges of sand. 'It is a remarkable fact that here, on the northern side of the desert, and after an open interval of more than fifty miles, the same sand ridges should occur, running in parallel lines at the same angle as before, into the very heart of the interior, as if they absolutely were never to terminate. Here, on both sides of us, to the eastward and to the westward, they followed each other like the waves of the sea in endless succession, suddenly terminating, as I have already observed, on the vast plain into which they ran. What, I will ask, was I to conclude from these facts?—that the winds had formed these remarkable accumulations of sand, as straight as an arrow lying on the ground, without a break in them for more than ninety miles at a stretch, and which we had already followed up for hundreds of miles—that is to say, across six degrees of latitude? No; winds may indeed have assisted in shaping their outlines, but I cannot think that these constituted the originating cause of their formation. They exhibit a regularity that water alone could have given; and to water, I believe, they plainly owe their first existence. It struck me then, and calmer reflection confirms the impression, that the whole of the low interior I had traversed was formerly a sea-bed, since raised from its submarine position by natural though hidden causes; that when this process of elevation so changed the state of things as to make a continuous continent of that which had been an archipelago of islands, a current would have passed across the central parts of it, the direction of which must have been parallel to the sandy ridges, and consequently from east to west, or nearly so—that also being the present dip of the interior, as I shall elsewhere prove. I further think that the line of the Stony Desert being the lowest part of the interior, the current must there have swept along it with greater force, and have either made the breach in the sandy ridges now occupied by it, or have prevented their formation at the time when, under more favourable circumstances, they were thrown up on either side of it.'

During some portions of the journey the heat was terrific. 'Under its effects every screw in our boxes

had been drawn, and the horn handles of our instruments, as well as our combs, were split into fine laminae. The lead dropped out of our pencils; our signal rockets were entirely spoiled; our hair, as well as the wool on the sheep, ceased to grow; and our nails had become as brittle as glass. The flour lost more than 8 per cent. of its original weight, and the other provisions in a still greater proportion.' One day the wanderers of the desert saw a number of small black specks in the upper air, which increased every moment in size, till presently they found themselves surrounded by hundreds of the common kite, stooping down to within a few feet of them, and then turning away after a steady gaze. The birds had doubtless wondered in their turn what the small black specks were that moved, as if at random, upon the bosom of the desert, and had come down merely to satisfy their curiosity. They had, however, a formidable aspect; and as some of them, on approaching close, threw themselves back, as if to avoid contact, and opened their beak and spread out their talons, the travellers could not help fearing the result of a combat with so numerous a body if the visit should really prove to be hostile.

On another day their attention was attracted by a black and solitary object on a little rising ground in front of their camp. The dogs flew towards it, and were seen worrying some creature, notwithstanding a brave resistance. This was a human being, a native of the desert, half-dead with hunger and thirst. 'Whence this solitary stranger could have come from we could not divine. No other natives approached to look after him, nor did he show anxiety for any absent companion. His composure and apparent self-possession were very remarkable, for he neither exhibited astonishment nor curiosity at the novelties by which he was surrounded. His whole demeanour was that of a calm and courageous man, who, finding himself placed in unusual jeopardy, had determined not to be betrayed into the slightest display of fear or timidity.'

Generally speaking, the natives they met in the more remote regions took to flight on being observed, and exhibited in other respects the greatest awe of the Europeans. Sometimes, however, they were of a very different character, as may be seen in the following interesting family group. 'Their families generally were on the opposite side of the river, but one man had his *lubra* and two children on our side of it. My attention was drawn to him from his perseverance in cutting a bark canoe, at which he laboured for more than an hour without success. Mr Browne walked with me to the tree at which he was working, and I found that his only tool was a stone tomahawk, and that with such an implement he would hardly finish his work before dark. I therefore sent for an iron tomahawk, which I gave to him, and with which he soon had the bark cut and detached. He then prepared it for launching by puddling up its ends, and putting it into the water; placed his *lubra* and an infant child in it, and giving her a rude spear as a paddle, pushed her away from the bank. She was immediately followed by a little urchin, who was sitting on the bank, the canoe being too fragile to receive him. But he evidently doubted his ability to gain the opposite bank of the river; and it was most interesting to mark the anxiety of both parents as the little fellow struck across the foaming current. The mother kept close beside him in the canoe, and the father stood on the bank encouraging his little son. At length they all landed in safety, when the native came to return the tomahawk, which he understood to have been only lent to him. However, I was too much pleased with the scene I had witnessed to deprive him of it; nor did I ever see a man more delighted than he was when he found that the tomahawk, the value and superiority of which he had so lately proved, was indeed his own. He thanked me for it; he eyed it with infinite satisfaction; and then turning round, plunged into the stream and joined his family on the opposite bank.' Sometimes the native

campes were highly picturesque. Their denizens sat up to a late hour at night; the women employed in beating between two stones the seed for cakes, with a noise resembling that of the working of a loom factory, and the men moving about from hut to hut. 'The whole encampment, with the long line of fires, looked exceedingly pretty; and the dusky figures of the natives standing by them, or moving from one hut to the other, had the effect of a fine scene in a play. At eleven all was still, and you would not have known that you were in such close contiguity to so large an assemblage of people.'

Captain Sturt speaks very favourably of the Australian savages; but even from his account their civilisation would appear to be hardly possible. In the schools of the settlements the native boys and girls are taught to read, write, and cipher as well as European children of the same age; but here their capacity of receiving instruction ends. An appeal to any higher department of intellect is always vain. They desert the schools, and betake themselves to their ancestral wilds; and notwithstanding all the efforts of philanthropy, not the slightest improvement has been made in the social condition of the race. Captain Sturt thinks that if the children experimented upon were separated entirely from their parents and tribe, the result might be different; but it may be a question whether we are authorised to sever in this way the bonds of nature, even for the presumed good of the individuals themselves.

The results of the expedition, as we have said, go far towards proving that there is no mountain range in the interior of Australia, but that, on the contrary, its central regions are nearly on the sea level, and its northern and southern coasts as completely separated by deserts as if an ocean rolled between them. Captain Sturt still thinks there must be an inland sea; but he has no hope of any fertile country being discovered. 'Although I did not gain the direct centre of the continent,' says he modestly, in concluding some general remarks, 'there can be very little doubt as to the character of the country round it. The spirit of enterprise alone will now ever lead any man to gain it, but the gradual development of the character of the yet unexplored interior will alone put an end to doubts and theories on the subject. The desert of Australia is not more extensive than the deserts in other parts of the world. Its character constitutes its peculiarity, and that may lead to some satisfactory conclusion as to how it was formed, and by what agent the sandy ridges which traverse it were thrown up. I would repeat, that I am diffident of my own judgment, and that I should be indebted to any one better acquainted with the nature of these things than I am to point out wherein I am in error.'

Before concluding, it will be proper to advert shortly to the other measures that have been taken, or are in progress, for exploring the continent. To say nothing of Dr Leichhardt's successful expedition from Moreton Bay to Port Essington, Sir Thomas Mitchell, the surveyor-general, discovered a great river in the interior, trending towards the Gulf of Carpentaria, and having its embouchure, as he imagined, in that supposed outlet for the drainage of the region. He pursued the river, which he named the Victoria, for ten days, through a splendid country, covered with luxuriant pasturage. 'That the river,' says he, 'is the most important of Australia, increasing as it does by successive tributaries, and not a mere product of distant ranges, admits of no dispute; and the downs and plains of Central Australia, through which it flows, seem sufficient to supply the whole world with animal food.' To ascertain the further course of this remarkable stream, Mr Kennedy, a young officer who had accompanied Sir Thomas Mitchell,

was deputed; but his account was by no means favourable to the sanguine views of the surveyor-general. The Victoria, instead of continuing to trend towards the north, turned to the south-west, and was then divided into several branches, 'spreading over a depressed and barren waste, void of trees or vegetation of any kind, its level surface being only broken by small doones of red sand, like islands upon the dry bed of an inland sea, which I am convinced at no distant period did exist there.' This river appears to be identical with Cooper's Creek, discovered by Captain Sturt, and, in his opinion, is either lost in the Stony Desert, or terminates through it in the conjectured inland sea.

Dr Leichhardt in the meantime set out about a year ago on a journey from Moreton Bay to Swan River, in which he will traverse the continent in a transverse direction from that of Captain Sturt, from east to west, having a distance before him of more than 5000 miles in a direct line. He had already made an attempt in the same course, but was obliged to return, his party being disabled by the ague, and the loss of all their animals. We cannot expect to have news of this adventure for a year to come; but after all, the most favourable result we can expect from it is the gratification of scientific curiosity. As a grazing and agricultural region, Australia has already been sufficiently discussed; and the unoccupied tracts of New South Wales alone would of themselves afford an almost boundless field for the industry of Europe. 'The only thing to be regretted,' says Captain Sturt, 'is that the want of an industrious population keeps it in a state of nature, and that the thousands who are here (in England) obtaining but a precarious subsistence, should not evince a more earnest desire to go to a country where most assuredly their condition would be changed for the better.'

ELECTRO-METALLURGY.

THE striking process of which we are now to give some account, affords a beautiful example of the adaptation of purely scientific knowledge to the details of productive industry. Not many years have elapsed since electricity was looked upon as a mysterious agency, more to be prosecuted as a subject of speculative science, than as affording means for obtaining practical results applicable to the production of articles of taste and utility in our arts and manufactures. Now the case is different; and for such ends the agency of electro-galvanism, one of the branches of the parent science, is in daily requisition.

Professor Daniell having constructed what he called his 'Constant Galvanic Battery,' found that, by the peculiar action of the galvanic current, the copper contained in the solution of sulphate of copper, used as one of the exciting liquids, was deposited in a thin film on the sides of the vessel containing it, and that a fac-simile of any projection or indentation thereon was at the same time faithfully given in the metallic deposit.

Mr Spencer of Liverpool, Mr Jordan of London, and Professor Jacobi of Petersburg, aware of the above fact, almost simultaneously, and without any communication with each other, conceived the idea that the circumstance might be taken advantage of in producing fac-similes of medals, engravings, &c.; and with this view instituted experiments, which proved the interesting fact, that impressions might be taken in copper of any article prepared for its reception, by suspending it in a solution of sulphate of copper, and causing a galvanic current to pass through it. By a natural train of thought, certain persons were led to try whether the more valuable metals, as silver or gold, could be deposited by galvanic agency. It was left for the Messrs Elkington of Birmingham, by a very extensive course of experiments, to prove the perfect possibility of the plan, which formed the subject of the patents granted to them for improvements in electro-typing or electro-metallurgy. Before detailing a few of the curiosities of this wonderful process, we will briefly explain the mode of operating. To obtain fac-similes of engravings in copper, the following apparatus is required:—A box divided into two portions by a porous partition is provided; and in one of these cells the copper-plate is suspended by a wire attached to a metallic rod stretching across the mouth of the box, and in the other a zinc plate, of smaller size than the copper. The

* The sand ridges described by Captain Sturt appear to be of the same character with the *oases* of Sweden, the *skars* of Ireland, and the *kames* of Scotland, all of which are now regarded as having been formed by some peculiar action of the sea, while the land was as yet covered by that element.—Ed.

galvanic communication is effected by an intervening rod, having screws attached to it for the convenience of manipulating. Into the cell containing the copper, water and crystals of sulphate of copper are put; and into the zinc cell, water and pulverised sal-ammoniac. To prepare the plate for the deposition, the parts not required to be coated with the metallic film must be protected from the action of the fluid; and this is done by covering them with sealing-wax dissolved in spirits of wine. The galvanic action goes on, gradually depositing on the exposed parts of the plate a film of copper; and when this is of sufficient thickness, the plate is withdrawn, and the film removed. But the fac-simile, although correct, is in relief, and to be of use, a copy in intaglio must be produced; and this is at once obtained by submitting the relief to the same process as the original plate, of which the new deposition of copper is an exact fac-simile. Mr Smee, however, has made public a very beautiful and still more striking process for obtaining copper-plate engravings without the use of an engraved copy at all. He proposed to draw the required design on a smooth copper-plate, with a pigment or varnish insoluble in water, and then to expose the plate to the galvanic action; when, the film of copper being deposited on all the parts not varnished, a copy in intaglio would be produced. Casts of seals, medals, &c. can be obtained in copper by this method. To prepare the articles for deposition, the mode of rubbing or covering their external surfaces with black-lead, discovered by Mr Murray, must be adopted; for the copper having what may be called an affinity for the black-lead, easily deposits itself on any surface covered with it. Articles so prepared can be copied in great numbers at a small expense.

For obtaining duplicates for printing from wood-engravings, the electrotype is employed. The engraving, after being black-leaded, is bound round the edges with a strip of tinfoil, and suspended, and kept perpendicularly in the fluid. Copies of plaster casts are easily taken, as also of wax models, by means of the same process. But perhaps the most beautiful exemplification of the process is seen in the case by which natural organised substances are covered with a thin film of copper. The leaf or branch to be operated upon is covered, by means of a soft brush, with the black-lead, and suspended in the fluid. Butterflies and moths are also easily covered; shrub-flowers are extremely beautiful, with thin delicate fibres fully and clearly developed on their metallic covering. Mr Smee thus writes of them:—The beauty of electro-coppered leaves, branches, and similar objects, is surprising. I have a case of these specimens placed on a black ground, which no one would take to be productions of art. In the same room with them are a couple of these cases in which Ward has taught us to grow in this smoky metropolis some of the most interesting botanical specimens. In these cases are contained varieties of fairy-formed *adiantum*, verdant *lycopodium*, brilliant *orchidea*, rigid *cacti*, and other plants, all growing in their natural luxuriance. The electro-coppered leaves, however, are beautiful when placed by the side of the productions of this miniature paradise; and when I state that the numerous hairs covering the leaves of a *melostoma*, and even the delicate hairs of the *salvia*, are all perfectly covered, the botanist must at once admit that these specimens have rather the minuteness of nature than the imperfections of art. In plating articles with the precious metals, the weight of metal deposited is found by weighing the article previous to insertion in the liquid, and again after receiving the deposition, when the difference is the weight of metal. For silver, the article is suspended in a solution of the cyanide of potassium and silver; and for gold, the cyanide of potassium and gold. The articles now plated with silver are very numerous—forks, spoons, salvers, &c. The solution of silver is kept charged with sheets of pure silver suspended in the vessels; from which the metal is dissolved as fast as it is deposited, leaving finally a lace-like piece of silver of extremely delicate and beautiful fibres. In coating articles of value with a film of gold the same process is gone through, but of course on a much smaller scale. The solution is supplied with the precious metal by placing a small strip of pure gold round the vessel. Small articles, such as watch-chains, buttons, &c. that can be suspended on a wire, are inserted in the solution, and gilt in a remarkably short space of time. A writer in the 'Penny Magazine' states that he saw 'ten gross of coat buttons strung upon a wire, and all perfectly gilt, by an immersion of less than one minute.' Having now glanced at the methods of plating the external

surfaces of articles with gold and silver, we will briefly explain what we may term the chief triumph of the art—the production of solid articles in the precious metals.

We will suppose a vase to be required in gold: a delicate wax model, containing all the figures in relief to be on the surface, is first prepared; from this wax model a leaden mould is produced, and from this a brass model or pattern is cast; on which the engraver finishes the designed parts more fully, and from this finished pattern a mould in an elastic substance is obtained, composed in some instances of glue. This, by its elasticity, allows the mould to be separated easily from the parts of the pattern which are undercut; and it is used to provide a model in wax, suet, and phosphorus, on which a film of copper is laid by the galvanic agency. The wax forming originally a foundation for the copper, is again used as a foundation for the more precious metal. It is melted from the inside of the copper deposit, and the copper shell left has in its interior an exact fac-simile of the original design. The copper mould is next introduced to the solution of cyanide of potassium and gold, the exterior being protected by the resisting medium. The gold is gradually deposited equally over the raised and depressed portions of the mould; and the process is allowed to go on till sufficient thickness is obtained, when the whole is withdrawn, and the outside film of copper melted off by the action of an acid, leaving a solid and pure vase of gold. The gold and silver, whether of solid or superficial deposit, after coming from the solution, have a dull dead appearance; and to obviate this, the articles undergo the operation of burnishing. To prove that in solid deposit the particles are as closely united as if they had passed through the melting-pot, they give a clear sonorous ring when struck on an anvil with a hammer.

SONNET.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

WHEN'E'R I feel this rare excess of health
Thrill suddenly throughout my frame, as now,
Forgetting hoary hair and furrowed brow,
I turn a braggart of my fancied wealth
Of stalwart strength and life. I seek the glow
Of sunshine, singing; gather (not by stealth,
But with an honest boldness) fruits that grow
Out of my reach at other times; and offer
The sweets I taste to others—letting go
Sickness and its entailments from my mind;
And, like the miler near his rified coffin,
Unconscious that it holds no more his self,
I glory in delusion—till I find
Some old-recurring pang recall me to myself!

NEWSPAPERS.

I am sure that every person will be willing, as I am, to acknowledge, in the most ample terms, the information, the instruction, and amusement derived from the public press.—*Lord Lyndhurst*. The newspaper is the chronicle of civilisation, the common reservoir into which every stream pours its living waters, and at which every man may come and drink; it is the newspaper which gives to liberty practical life, its perpetual vigilance, its unrelaxing activity. The newspaper is a daily and sleepless watchman, that reports to you every danger which menaces the institutions of your country, and its interests at home and abroad. The newspaper informs legislation of the public opinion, and it informs people of the acts of legislation; thus keeping up that constant sympathy, that good understanding between people and legislators, which conduces to the maintenance of order, and prevents the stern necessity for revolution.—*Sir E. L. Bulwer*.

INCORRECTNESS OF CONVERSATIONAL LANGUAGE.

The influence which common parlance exerts on the acquisition of correct notions on scientific subjects has often an unfortunate tendency. Thus, when we say in dull weather, 'The day is heavy'—'The air is thick and heavy,' it is not generally supposed that the air is really lighter than on a fine day; but the fall of the barometer indicates that this is the fact.—*Isaiah Deek*.

Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. CHAMBERS, 20 Ayley Street, Glasgow; W. S. ORR, 147 Strand, London; and J. M'GLASSAN, 21 O'lier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh.